

Be Strong.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong.
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Malville D. Babcock, D. D.

A Kiss by Proxy

"Jerry Hapgood is a mean old thing not to let me go riding. Auntie said I could, but Jerry helped her to get into the 'mobile,' and said, 'Some other day, girlie, you can go; the 'mobile' is too small to-day!' Such a story! It's just like it always is. Auntie Nell only laughed, and got all pink. O, dear! I wish they'd get runned away with, I do!"

And tear followed tear down Detta's chubby cheeks.

Meanwhile Jerry and Nell were splashing along the beautiful Maine coast. Their journey was ended at the famous lighthouse, where the keeper's wife provided a delicious lunch and plunged Nell into an enjoyable confusion by asking, "Will your husband like any more milk, marm?"

Afterward they wandered over the rocks, picking the few wild flowers that grew in the crevices, and threw rocks into the whistling well, while watching the waves go by, as well as doing other delightful things that happy couples are wont to do.

As they started for home, Nell flashed a mischievous look at the young man.

"Weren't you mean not to let Detta come with us?"

"I suppose so," said Jerry, "but if you knew how I've tried to get you to myself for a moment, to tell you something I've wanted to for a long time—can't you guess why I left her behind?"

"You have known me exactly five weeks," put in Nell, saucily.

"Don't joke, Nell. Can't you see I am in dead earnest and I—"

There was a loud crack, a whiff of steam and the auto came to an abrupt standstill.

"What under the canopy is the matter with the thing?" was Jerry's query, as he wildly pulled at the lever, which refused to budge.

Then suddenly the machine gave a jerk and a twist of its own volition. "Hang on!" roared Jerry, as it started forward at full speed. "Don't jump unless I tell you."

Nell bravely set her teeth, resolved not to scream, though wild with fear. All the tales of autos running wild fled through her mind as the speed increased.

"We are in for it, Nell, unless I can steer it straight. To think I've brought you into this," groaned Jerry.

"Jerry! Look—the bridge!" and Nell clutched his arm tightly at sight of a primitive-looking structure with a single rail on either side. "I'd just—as soon—blow-up, Jerry—but I don't want to—drown."

The next minute they tore across



There was a crash, and next instant two figures were flying through the air.

The rickety bridge in safety, only to see loom before them an ominous curve, with a stone wall guarding a small farm. There was a crash, and next instant two figures were flying through the air.

A week later Nell awoke at the far-away sound of a little voice. "Auntie, my own auntie, won't speak to me 'tall," it said, and then there was the sound of bitter sobs.

Slowly Nell opened her eyes. "What's the matter Ducky?" she asked faintly.

"O!" with a soft squeal of delight. "You isn't dead, and I ain't a murderer. Jane said I was a murderer; 'cause I wished the 'mobile would run away, an' it did, but I didn't mean it, really, Auntie Nell," and Detta snuggled her little face close to the white one on the pillow. "Jerry got hurt, but not so bad as you. He only broke his leg, an' it's in a white stone thing."

"There, there, you must not talk any

more," said the nurse; "let auntie go to sleep again."

Nell looked up in surprise. "A nurse? Have I been ill? Jerry—is Jerry hurt?"

"The auto ran away; don't you remember?" asked the nurse gently. "Mr. Hapgood only fractured his leg and you are both getting along nicely now."

"O, that dreadful ride. I remember," answered Nell, with a shudder. "Where am I, and where is Jerry?" with a slight tinge of color in the pale face.

"They brought you both into this old farmhouse, and Mr. Hapgood is just at the end of the hall."

The days passed slowly to Jerry, in spite of the fact that he was under the same roof as his divinity. He was weighted down with the thought that he had almost killed the girl that he loved.

"She will never care for me now," he said to himself twenty times a day.

A severe strain of the ligaments in conjunction with the broken limb and his mental worry, caused a high fever and intense nervousness. Nell overheard their respective nurses discussing the case one day.

"I don't like the way my patient's ankle is coming on. Doctor seems to think it will come out all right, but I don't know. I've seen some pretty



Detta climbed gently onto the bed, bad cases, but nothing like this. It's as black as ever, and it's time that the swelling went down."

Then Nell heard whispers of "gangrene," "rimular case," and "he doesn't take enough nourishment, either. I believe he is fretting about her."

The blood throbbed in Nell's temples. Was it possible that Jerry was in danger? Nurse had said he was fretting about her; suppose she were to send him a comforting message?

The color flamed over throat and brow at the thought. She knew he loved her. Would it be unmanly to let him know that she, too, cared?

She thought a moment, then her eyes danced mischievously.

"Detta! Come here!" she called to the child, who was playing with her doll on the floor. "Do you want to have a secret with Auntie Nell?"

"The never-tell kind?" said the child, crossing two little fingers under her chin.

"Yes, dear."

Detta listened intently as Nell whispered in her ear. Then she ran swiftly down the hall to Jerry's room.

She peeked cautiously in at the door. The nurse was out. Detta climbed gently onto the bed and close to Jerry's ear before she said:

"Auntie Nell said I was to call you uncle Jerry, and she sends you this."

"This," was a moist little kiss.

Whether a kiss imprinted on one's cheeks by proxy will cure a broken limb I am not prepared to say; but certain it is that Jerry's swollen ankle began to mend from that hour, and Detta told Aunt Nell that his nurse declared there was a "wonderful change for the better."—Orro Cushing Nelson in Boston Globe.

Correction.
"But you must admit," said the masculine end of the controversy, "that woman is the weaker vessel."

"I'll admit nothing of the sort," rejoined the contrary female. "The mere fact that she seldom has to be bailed out is proof to the contrary."

Danger in Lead Pencils.
An epidemic of diphtheria in the schools of Passaic, N. J., is said to have resulted from the promiscuous use of lead pencils.

FROM THE BLEAK NORTH INTO THE BALMY SOUTH

Delights of a Trip to the Island of Jamaica, with Its Many Charms, to the Tourist Seeking Rest—Points of Interest in the Republic of Colombia.

(Special Correspondence.)

The pleasure of going from the North to the tropics in midwinter is always much enhanced by a particularly cold and bleak day for the departure. This was denied those of us who sailed for New York wore an air of almost summer mildness, and only the lightest of overcoats were needed as we steamed out into the bay.

On the sixth day the waving palms of Jamaica gladdened the eye, and two days were allowed the South American passengers to make what excursions they could inland.

Tourists sailing from Boston land at Port Antonio, which is on the opposite side of the island from Kingston, and one of the most charming spots in

placating a native woman asked one of the excursionists how he liked the country, and he said it was too warm. "We'll try to have it cooler the next time you come, master," she answered. Every man had either "master," "captain" or "doctor" given him by each native who spoke, the latter appellation seeming a favorite one.

Starting out of Kingston harbor again, those of us who were bound farther south had a breezy trip across the waters that intervene between that point and the first important port of South America, at which our steamer called—that of Savanilla, in the republic of Colombia, which we reached in about forty hours.



Native Houses, (Jamaica.)

Jamaica. I selected the other route for the very good reason that all places on the Boston boats were taken far in advance when I was ready to engage my passage. But, as an English friend expressed it, that line "did for us very well," and we had no fault to find.

As Jamaica is becoming yearly more and more the Mecca for tourists, it is as well to state the plain facts, which really need no coloring.

There is more to be seen and enjoyed for a month or more in Jamaica, it seems to me, than at any other place so conveniently reached from our part of the world during the objectionable months that precede spring. The thinnest summer clothing is required, and no one is more uncomfortable than the Northern tourist who tries to get about in a black derby, dark clothes and black shoes.

The best way is to wear as much white as possible, from the canvas covering for the feet to the India-pith helmet, do little walking in the sun in the middle of the day and preserve an even disposition.

Those of us who were bound to South America, or, as some were, on the entire round trip from New York to New York, arranged to take the prettiest long drive on the island that can be done in one day—that to the famous Castle Gardens, the government reservation, where nearly every tree, shrub and plant that can be found in the tropics has been gathered.

It was a day that everybody enjoyed hugely, including forty miles of drive over hill and dale, by the side of purring streams, past plantations of sugar cane, coconuts, bananas and coffee, through negro villages and groves of gigantic cotton trees. As it was on a Friday, country people were constantly being met in little parties.



De Leases' Residence, (Colombia.)

on their way to the Saturday market at Kingston, carrying, either on donkeys or more often on their heads, quantities of vegetables and fruits to be disposed of there.

The women seemed even more in evidence than the men, and their erect forms and square shoulders showed the beneficial effect of the lifelong habit of carrying burdens upon the head. They were always ready to respond to pleasantries, and sometimes their repartee was rich with unctuous humor. At one stop

Savanilla may have been of some importance at one time, but now it is merely a small collection of huts, in none of which a self-respecting white person would care to spend a night or eat a meal. I should guess that the inhabitants might be 500, and that must also represent about the number of individuals who had drunk themselves into a state of inebriety in order to usher in the Lenten season in a becoming manner. They had one day left to get drunker in, if that were possible, for the carnival would end on the morrow, which was Tuesday.

One of the native customs is to paint the cheeks with daubs of red or blue, and the most fantastic costumes conceivable are worn. All work is suspended. The train which should have taken us to Barranquilla, twenty-seven miles away—where the custom house and real business of the port is transacted—had gone just before our arrival, and we were told that the usual afternoon train would not run on account of the festa. A special government train happened, fortunately, to show up about dark, and we got to Barranquilla, after all, that night.

Now, why should anyone come to Barranquilla, unless on commerce bent, or gold mining, or after a government concession of some kind, or afflicted with sudden insanity? Simply because Barranquilla is on the way to Bogota, the capital of Colombia, the country that professes to own the Isthmus of Panama, and with which the United States is bound to have more or less intimate relations during the next twenty years.

The Magdalena river pretends to run from somewhere above a village called Honda to this town; and at some times of year, after sufficient rain has fallen, it is said to do so. Just now the condition of the river bed is admitted on all hands to be discour-

aging, and growing worse. The 600 miles that can sometimes be made in seven days by steamers that draw three feet of water may now take half as many weeks, or even more. From Honda to Bogota it is some days on muleback over a mountain trail.

Statistics of the Blind.
In proportion to population, Spain, Norway and Ireland have more blind people than any other European countries. Spain has 216 per 100,000; Norway, 202; and Ireland, 111.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

CAUSE OF BALKAN TROUBLE.

Race Hatred at the Bottom of the Whole Difficulty.

The cause of the trouble in the Balkans is the rooted aversion of a Christian people to be ruled by a race whose away has been described, in the same terms which were applied to King Bomba, as the "negation of God."

For generations they have cherished the hope that one or other of the Great Powers would come to their aid.

The Great Powers have always felt that in any breakup of Turkey passions and ambitions would be aroused which would bring on that most terrible of all scourges, a great European war, and therefore have discouraged any movement and turned on the water whenever there was any smoke to be seen. But... in striving to perpetuate the statu quo in the Balkans the Powers have been flying in the face of fate. In Macedonia or on its confines are found Albanians, Greeks, Roumanians, Montenegrins,



HERO ARISTO

New Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire, who is Reported to be Responsible for Much of the Present Trouble.

Servians and Bulgarians, while there is a small minority which, knowing what Austria has done in Bosnia, looks to her, and yet another minority which looks to Italy. There are thus no less than seven conflicting forces in the field. The Servian will not give way to the Bulgarian, or the Bulgarian to the Greek, there has, indeed, already been one war between the minor states in this part of the world, arising solely from these racial animosities and jealousies. It would not accord with the secret desires of more than one great Power to see this mass of hostile communities welded into one coherent whole, nor is such a thing as yet practically attainable. Yet until this consummation is reached the Balkans must remain a prey to turbulence, intrigue and ill-suppressed hostilities. It lies, then, with the discordant races of the Balkans to work out their own salvation by finding some means of union and confederation. They must do what Italy achieved forty years ago, but for that they need a Cavour, a House of Savoy, and a generation of heroism and self-sacrifice.—London Daily Mail.

HIGH POSITION FOR WOMAN.

Miss Gilmore Assistant Attorney General for the Philippines.

The war department has announced that Miss Floy Gilmore has been appointed assistant attorney-general for the government in the Philippine islands. Miss Gilmore is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gilmore of El-



MISS FLOY GILMORE

wood, Ind., and is 24 years old. She was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan and admitted to the bar of Indiana two years ago. She went to the Philippines as stenographer, and by good work has won a distinction never before attained by a woman.

Stoddard's Last Literary Work.

The last literary work upon which the late Richard Henry Stoddard was engaged was in connection with his "Recollections, Personal and Literary," a volume of memoirs covering a period of more than fifty years and affording a glimpse of many of the foremost writers of the last half century, including Hawthorne and Thackeray. This work will be issued probably in the autumn. Mr. Stoddard was author of the much-quoted advice, "Write if you want to, but earn your bread some other way."

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A Musical Performance.

The man had attended a musical party and the next morning met a friend who lived next door.

"I was at a delightful affair at your neighbor's last night," he said.

"Yes, I heard something going on there. What was it?"

"The execution of a number of musical selections by the young lady."

"Oh, it was an execution, was it?" said the friend in a tone of relief. "I am glad to hear it was no worse. It sounded to me like a murder."—Comfort.

Submarine Sport.



Charlie Finn—Well, how did the tennis match come out?

Willie Gill—It didn't come out. We hadn't more than got started before some fool fisherman came along and drew in the net.

Her Little Hint.

Tess—There goes Ursula Hope with Jack Timmish.

Jess—Yes, she's setting her cap at him.

Tess—Do you really think she cares for him?

Jess—Yes, indeed! You know her full name is Ursula May Hope. Well, she signs all her letters to him now, "U. May Hope"—Stray Stories.

Not for His Reading.

"Do you choose for yourself, the books you read, my boy?"

"Sure."

"But how do you know what to avoid?"

"Oh, I've all their names here."

"Their names?"

"You bet. It's in this list of 100 best books for boys to read."

Up to the Old Tricks.

"These college boys beat me," said St. Peter, as he looked the gate for the night.

"What's the matter now?" queried the man who was being fitted with a pair of wings.

"Why, I let in a batch a while ago and they no sooner got in than they began to pitch quoits with their halos."

Feminine Reasoning.

Postal Clerk—You'll have to put another stamp on that letter.

Miss Pert—Why?

Postal Clerk—Because it's over-weight.

Miss Pert—But, gracious! Another stamp would make it still heavier.—Magazine of Humor.

Fine Point.



Miss Worries—That man seems to be ailing.

Expert—"Ain't nuttin' more! Dat's base!"

Both of Them.

Guest (at dinner)—"Ah! that's good old ale. Pardon my asking, but where did you get it?"

Subbubs—"Home brewed."

Guest—"Really? The chicken is delightful, too. Is it one of your own raising?"

Subbubs—"Yes, home brewed."

Good Enough Reason.

Casey—Don't say "Oh ain't done nothin'!"

Cassidy—An' why not?

Casey—Because it's not good English.

Cassidy—Shure, Oim glad to hear it, fur nayther an Oi.

They Saw the Point.

"My friends," said a salesman the other day, with a burst of ingenious eloquence, "I will be brief."

The terrified audience of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.

Not Very Catching.

"I understand that in Russia they distrust their money even now and then. Seems to me that would be a good idea for this country to try."

"Oh, I dunno. I never noticed that money here was alarmingly contagious."